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## GREEN BOOK STAFF

1926

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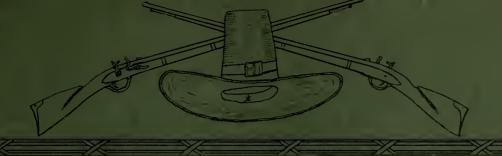


#### FOREWORD

Solomon said: Of making many books there is no end. Here is another book. Not another but rather an old friend in a new cover. The Green Book is published twice a semester by the members of the College Rhetoric class. This is the fourth year of its publication.

We are not writing this volume to add to printed matter but to add to the enjoyment of interested readers. We hope this Green Book will make a place for itself and introduce to the Student Body the youngest member of E.N.C.publications, the step-daughter of The Advance and The Lautilus.





# TABLE DE LONTENTS

241

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### EDIFORIAL

Have you normal eyes: We have. There then do you go. We usually go where we are looking.

Freshmen! New Students! Old students! Are our ideals what they should be? We believe that nearly all of as have high and holy ideals. However, with ideals it is not so easy to go where we are looking; it is a real task to live up to the standards we have set for ourselves. We must in all our activities strive to examplify the perfect man we have enthroned in our minds. Mistakes are humas but we must be careful when we try to justify our acts by our ideals and good intentions. If anything has been done that seems near the line between right and wrong, we must not judge it by our intentions. We must justify or condemn all our acts by the light of the Fruth - Christ and his Word. When the test comes, or when we are in a careless, thoughtless state of mind, let us do what we will wish we had done afterward. Of course we shall make mistakes but let us rectify them, profit by them, and then -go where we are looking.





#### JUST A WEL GIRL

I do remember when I had the scarlet fever. Sister says I don't. I was only two years old. I had to stay in a room all by myself. I was afraid of a mouse, too. That's why I remember. I don't think I was very sick. Nother says I wasn't. I couldn't play with brother. He went to Grandon's then.

I don't 'mow everything I did when I was three. I know Daddy called me his little girl. One day he told me all I had was his. Then I told him all he had was mine. He said I was wrong. I couldn't understand. He still let me stand in his big chair and comb his hair.

I used to ride with Mother and Daddy. Doddy let me drive. Old made was a white horse. She wouldn't run sway. Daddy said he had her before Mother lived with him. Author lived with my Grandwa then.

my Grandia was good. She didn't play with me, but she gave me cookies. I would cosk Aunt Ella to play the piano. She slways said one was busy. Then Grandia would say, "Jo play for the shild". Aunt Ella liked to play. She sang too. She said she would teach me when I got big. I want to play like her.

On Sunday I went to Sunday school. I liked to go to Sunday school. Wy teacher gove me a pratty card. I didn't like to stay for church. I jot tired. Wother would let me go to sleep on her lap.

I had a playhouse in the brokers. I built it under a big apple tree. Brother played with me. We made mul pied and mud caled. The birds lived in our tree. They sand for as. I didn't know what they sand. I t was pretty though. When winter came we didn't play under the tree. The birds left too. They flew away off. haybe they went to find a new playhouse.

After the birds left, the ground got all white. Lother said it was snow. The snow was very cold. It was pretty though. Lother put my coat and mittens on me and let me play in it a little while. Brother and I made a snow man. He wasn't a real man, you know. I need him Ben. Ben wore Daddy's old het. Daddy said he was a good man. One day we went to town. When we came home Ben was gone. I said some





bad boy had run away with him. Daddy said the Bun had melted him. I said the sun was bad, but Daddy said it wasn't. Daddy knows. He knows everything.

After a while Christmas came. That's when you get a lot of nice things. We all got dressed up. We got in a sleigh. A sleigh is something you ride in that hasn't any wheels. Mother covered us up with a blanket. When we got to Grandma's we had a good time. All of my cousins were there. We played games. We shot firecrackers too. They made a terrible noise! We had turkey and cake for dinner. Wehad lots of other things too. The tables were all fixed up with holly and shiny things. It looked pretty. But after dinner was when we had the pest time. We went into the parlor. That's where the Christmas tree was. The tree had ever so many things on it. It nearly made my read swim looking at the bright things all over the tree. Then we sail got quiet. Frandpa prayed. Aunt Ella played the piano. Then we said our speeches. I said,

"Bows on my shoulders,
Slippers on my feet,
Papa's little derling,
Don't you think I'm sweet?"

Then I ran to Daddy. He set me on his knee. After a while we got our speeches all said. It took a long, long time. Uncle John got us. He's a tall man. He took the things off the tree. He gave me a big doll. It was the prettiest doll there ever was! It would go to sleep, and its hair had curls. I got a book too. Mother said I had other things. She kept them for me. My mother is good. She let me hold my doll.

After a while we went home. Everybody had pretty things. Do pretty things make people happy? Neighbor Barton is always sad. Doesn't she have pretty things? Mother said her boy ran away. Where did he go? Did he go to get Neighbor Barton protty things? She will be happy then.

One day a circus came to town. Daddy took us to see the animals. The ponies were all dressed up. A monkey rode on a pony's back. He didn't fall off. He was so ugly. I don't want a monkey. Brother wanted to ride a pony. The dugs were pretty. The did funny things. One stood on his head. I want a dug. My doggie died. We burried him in the ground near my playhouse. I put flowers on his grave. Then they died. Will I ever die: Now do people feel when they die?

One dry Mother called me from play. She wanted me to wipe dishes. I said I was too little. Mother said I could





learn. I wiped the dishes. I dropped a glass, and it rolled and rolled. It didn't break. Mother was glad but I was sad. I wanted it for my playhouse. Mother said I must learn to help her, for sister was going to get married. I don't know what that is, but whatever sister does is all right.

The other day Mother told me I could go to school. I wanted to take my doll. Mother said I couldn't. She said I was a big girl now. I guess I have grown up, so my story ends.

- E. Larie Hyneman -





#### MY PEOPLE

my people are in no may rear into me, into make I leve to red them, helped them, sopt with them, and projed for them, I feel as if they were ins. As at seven miles from my home there is a settlement of Marragansett Indiana. Since they will not associate with colored people, and white people will not associate with them, they have intermeded and have kept very much to themselves. Some are true to type with stanisht black hair, high cheek-bones, and fortures that are entity recognized as Indian. When they smills one cannot help liking them, their white teeth are revealed, and the severe lines of their faces are softened.

Two years ago when a mission work was specied along them the poeple were almost heathen. Some of them had never seen a Bible, many of them only knew that there was a God. Their homes were dirty, unkempt, and void of the bare incessities. The women holped in the gardens and neglected their persons, and their houses. In winter the large families of shildren suffered cruelly. The men brank, fought, and were out of work most of the time. In soite of several policemen this neighborhood was lightenatable and disorderly.

I have not painted the picture too black. Ignorance, want, and woe stalked through every home. Into this derivative on everyelist corried the Light of the World. Two or three were coved and opened their homes for more weetings. A preacher and several workers attached helping them regularly. I began my first to its welfare work held. On John Legit mother lady and I visited the bomes of the poor folk. If we found any sink we absend them so the nothin had worked too hard for medical aid. In one home the nothin had worked too hard all her life and now was breaking down. Sin little children were trying to one for themselves and to help her, too. There was ned of real missionary work here. We toucht clearlinest, sanitating. The little ones had no more of this world in which them I ammer and those help he were in trouble, and west that these the world many the helping as a mother, or father, or elder sister, or friend.

After we had gained the confidence of the people to ware always wanted and welcomed. They could not understand why we loved them or wented to help the .. In every home that we visited we choke of Jedus and pregod before he left. We





invited them to attend the services that were held in one of the homes, and to please us they would come. One by one, as they heard the truth, they would wonderingly kneel and pray for salvation. They still wonder that Jesus loved even them. Within a week there would be a noticeable change in their home, their dress, their speech, and their manner. Jesus not only saved them but he also refined them. The men began to reconstruct their lives. They no longer drank, or caroused at night. With the money they saved they improved their homes, supported their wives, and made their children comfortable. After they gained the respect of people in that vicinity they scald sasily find steady work. The men bought respectable suits, the women were nest dresses, and the children had also facer and bonds. The people had opened their hearts and the word had performed a mineals there.

As noon as one was saved he would commence making restitution. Many had stolen, and as they remembered, they sould pay back and ask forgiveners. One men, named Delerkin, had stolen forty dollers and some vegetables from his employer, a former. If he confessed he faced lowing his job, and making his wife and four babies suffer. One day he went to the man he had wronged and toll him of the change in his hert, his theft, and his reportance. He told him that he could not repay the forty dollars at once, but he would give him a part each month. His employer forgave him, refused the money, and raised his othery three dollars a week. He recognized a man he could trust thereafter. I wish you could have heard that man testify the next Sunday morning. He encouraged many of the more timil ones. Within a year the policemen were withdrawn from their special patrol over that neighborhood and the foundations of a church were loid.

There was more work than user for the special workers to lo now. We continued not only to instruct the mothers, to furnish food and clothing, and to teach the children, but also to give them Bibles, to accompany them when they went to make something right, and to give them spiritual encouragement. They trusted in us, they depended on us, they believed in us with all their hearts. After a day of visiting I would go home saddened by the sorrow I had seen and filled with a longing to be of more help. Then I would kneel to thank the word for what had been accomplished and with my sorrow would mingle the joy of service and the joy of seeing "my people" born into the Kingdom. The promise was true: They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

- D.M.T.-





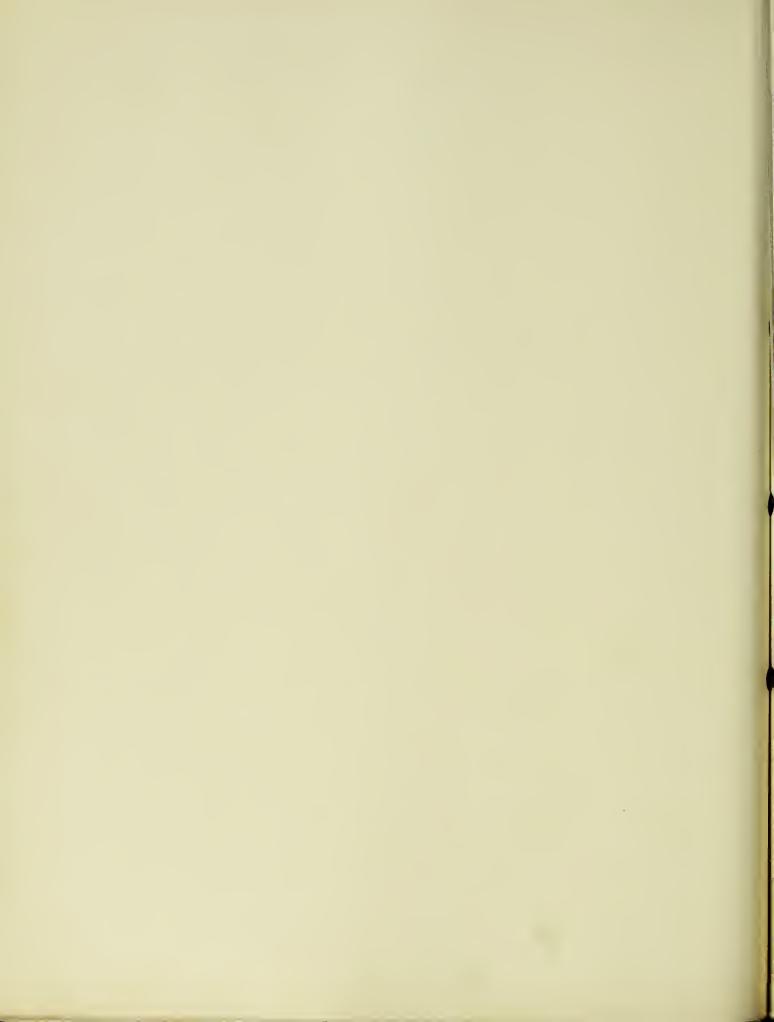
### SECULID-HAND BOOKS

I some soly know of a more interesting place than a second-hand book atoms. I visited such a show a short time typ, and enj yed myself thoroughly while there. The shop in question is a small one, situated on a busy bouldward in Boston. Once inside, however, the noise and bustle of the street is easily forgotten. The books are piled on shelves clear to the ceiling. In the middle of the store are more shelves with still more books. An elderly and very stuftous-appearing gentleman presides over this domain in an impressive manner. He is very accomplating, however, and, upon request, will alimb a very weak-looking ladder to the very top shelf in search of desirable books. Enough of the shop and its keeper.

Books possess character. The second-hand veriety reflect also the character and testas of their former owner. One can find any sort of book, from the newest and most impossible novel, to the most so browned authentic work of history. On this day I desired a poology test. The shop-keeper very oblightingly alimbed to the topmost shelf and passed me an arm-ful of books on that subject. I found several very good tests in varying stages of proservation. The bast was bound in limp leather, and looked as though it had readly, if was, pleas opened. I testaed that this wood had probably belonged to some one of the type who buy bears marely secrets they look above and to the remaining of the offect, they dispose of the books, buying others that happen to sait their letter fancy.

Another book, while it inly well kept, showed real use. The pages stoked signs of much turning; the binding also showed the offects of frequent kandling. Here was a book of some real student, who had brught the book for what it contained, though why he had disposed of it I could not gass.

The book I finally chose slowed still snother type of owner. The covers were somewhat worm and screped, but the inside was clear and whole. I think every one is frailing with the sort of person who always carries a book of some sort, but selden reads one. The reason for this is, to me, a mystery. Possibly, while not studious by nature, he wishes to appear as. Her, who doubtedly, every second-hand book tells a story other than that printil on its pages.





As for me, I like a book that has been used nearly as well as I do a new one. However, I like one that does not show much wear, and is not bodly marked. Upinions differ widely on this point. My sister prefers a book that is bodly worn, because, to her, it shows that the book has been read and appreciated by some one before. Her busband likes to read books that contain underscared protogra, reference markings, and notes written in by the reader, because it shows that some one has been interested anough in the subject to mark it thus. Others profor unualked books, that they may mark them to suit their own personal tastes.

After all it is merely a motter for individual choice. Every book-lover has his own idea of what a recond-hand book should be. I believe it would be very interesting to collect the raminiscences of various types of people on this subject.

- John F. Lairebee -





Jer 300,

This latter is a mit different from any I have ever sent you. I now write from that high pinnesse of learning, the Sotlege freshmen along. Registration may is for enough easy that we new statests have lost our names and seed at long to be not the option of the excitement will not mean off this chole year. Of all the adjectives, incompanies have see he applied to college life, at least to the freshmen. We are looking at everything from a record of the figure in the college of the college for a life of the college in the second of the figure in the college of the college of the college in the college of the college in the college of the college.

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#### THE COLLEGE GIRL AT HOME

Perhaps no one has to submit to criticising glances and remarks like a girl just home from college. To be under such scrutiny is schewhat disconcerting, yet she must remain serene and unconscious of all her critics. She is respected by all, for it is the general feeling that she has learned during the year away at school things that not every one knows. Some imagine that she will be egotistical because she has had so many advantages, but when they find that she has come home a little more settled for her life work, happier, more thoughtful of others, and a little better in every way, they grasp her hand eagerly, expressing some of the heart-felt gladness that she has come home once again.

Then how does she act at home? Is she colfish, careloss, thoughtlens, and haughty? No, not set all. She has learned to appreciate her home, and not she finds it easy to ach mother's and Dad's advice, and to be a little more concorned about being a true daughter to them. There is pleasure in performing the tasks of the housekeeper; there is a certain prize in keeping the home spotless and cozy. She has a bright "good morning" for Dad, and a sunny smile for Mother. She is the joy of their lives; it is a delight to work for her, and to sacrifice for her out of pure love.

When she visits her sister, she is not cross with the children; they love her and she returns their love. She takes the reins of the house in her own hands, and sends her sister for a much needed rest. She may have become slightly out of practice, but she soon fits into the routine and is a capable manager.

Of course, this is the ideal college girl. She is the one who, when opportunities for improvement were presented, availed herself of them. But there is the opposite type of college girl. She comes home complaining, whining, dissatisfied, selfish, indolent, and nervous - nervous because she had no control of her will, and therefore could not care properly for her mental and physical being.

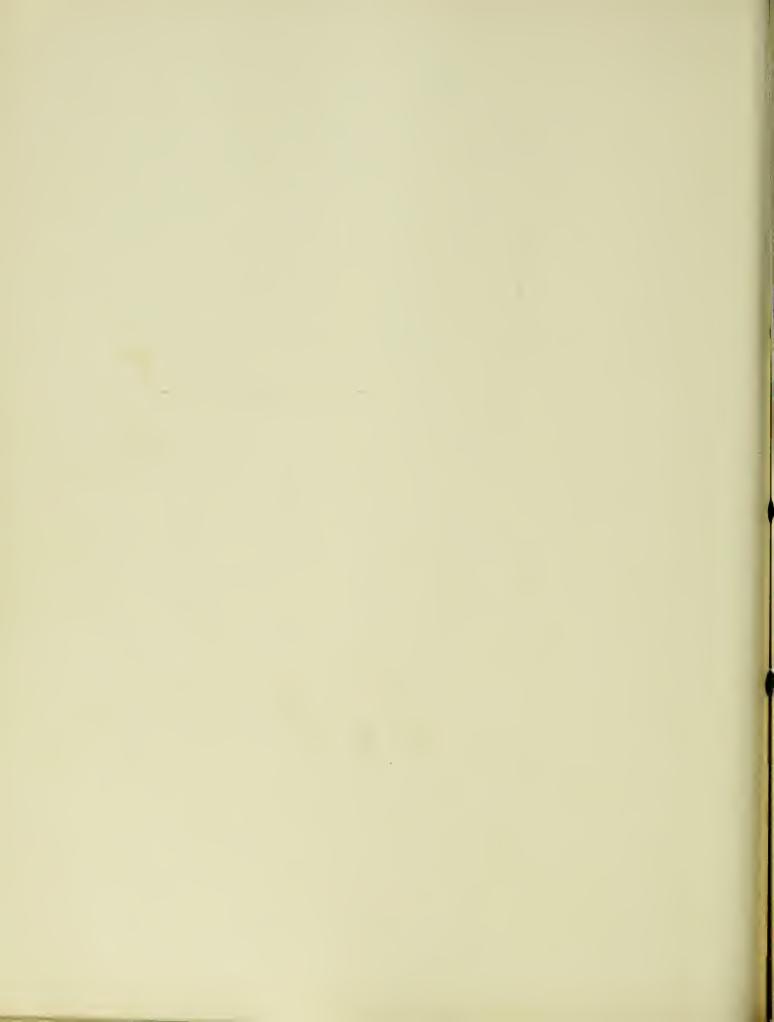
She is not the joy of her father's and mother's hearts but rather a burden, inasmuch as they are so concerned about her conduct and future welfare. She does not lighten mother's burdens with a willing hand, nor cheer her tired father with a kind look of love and appreciation.



She is repulsive to the community. They are not glad when she returns, but accept it as they would a very commonplace occurrence. There is a berrier between them, an impenetrable wall of misunderstanding. Perhaps it is this attitude that causes her to feel so unnecessary when it is time to take a college girl's place in the activities around her. She cannot give a connected talk on some matter of interest, for she has but a smattering knowledge of her work in the college. As an all-round girl, she could not meet the conditions. She lived in her own little sphere regardless of all others.

Here we have the ideal college girl and her opposite. Both had equal opportunities to make good, but one conquered while the other was defeated. Some may go to college for a good time, and fail, but as for me, I went to strive to be the ideal college girl.

- Edwinna E. Wilson -





#### WADRING TIME

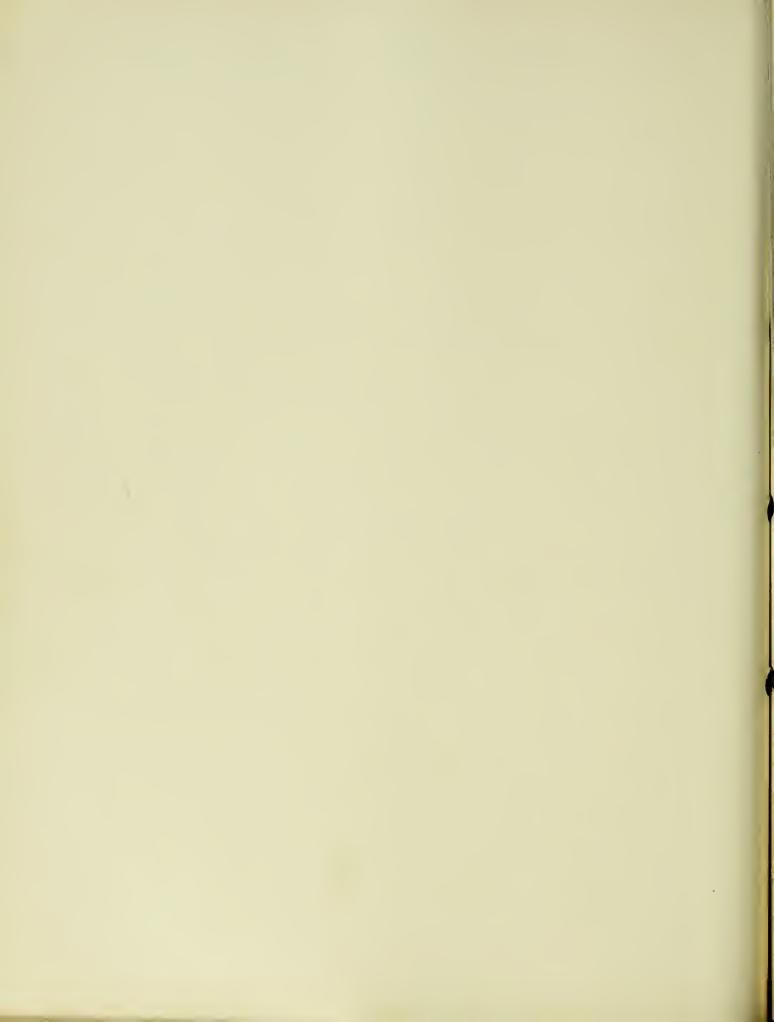
What do these two words mean to you? Do they prende you with the sword of consciousness which directs to profitable doing? Here they stand before us as they have stood many times in our life. If our lives are wholly consecrated to God, He can do all we ask of Him. Time is in our power to use as a precious gift from our Almighty Father. Have we ever realized the pricelessness of time. Le have learned, through experience, to value time when we must act quickly. But time value means more than quick action. Each moment of time means life or donth, prosperity or destruction, gain or loss. Each one of us unconsciously or sometimes knowingly disobeys laws of time. Few realize the fact, however.

How sen we say we have wested time. How can time be thrown away when it can neither be seen nor be heard? By wanting we mean failing to use for the good of yourself or of others. Uselons conversation, unprofitable reading, association with ungodly young people and cricless work are solded into your character and illustrate what I mean by 'we sting time'.

We might consider time as something which could well be called a gift, precious and wonderful. If we miduse that gift, we not only show disrespect to the one who gave it but also sin against time. How precious time ought to seem to us. We almost hold the belance of the world; we do hold the balance of our life. How important it is that we should use time profitably, forming the best character and opening channels to new rivers of thought. Life will become begutiful, full of findly deeds, worth living and onjoying.

During our first days here in college, we shall form good and bad habits. These decide our future and help to strengthen our will power. It may be that less time spent in idle conversation with our achool chams would cause us to rejoice over on A thame paper in place of a B-. We must have high educational ideals and attain to them. We must reach the point in our lives where we will secrifice all for God and His ideals. The hours invested in this manner will be valued in the future.

'Can we, for a homent, place ourselves in Mothar's, lather's or even sister's place, whose life is not all aga so pleasant asours. Their life could well be seasoned with pleasant hours spent for the happiness of others. To could help lighten their

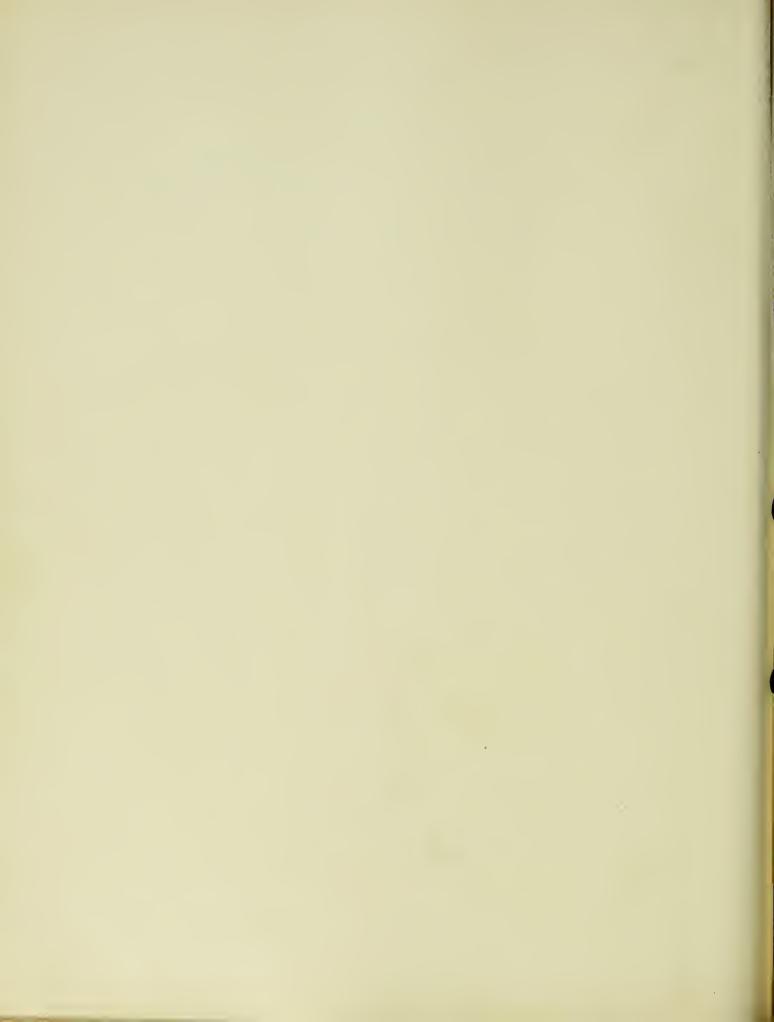




burden by a word written on paper, placed in a stamped envelope and sent home.

What new light will the and of a year reveal in which we have learned the true value of time by observing the commands of ideals and of God's "ord; —ife will be new, full of happiness. We can then do as the sundial motto says it does--"Count only sunny hours"--because we have become acquainted with God's eternal gift, time.

- Ruth ... Lane -





#### MICKEY

B-r-r-z-z-i-n-g-g! It was the alarm clock. Drowsily mickey reached for the intruder of his dreams, and pushed down the little lever. The clock resumed its normal "tick-tick", and Mickey resumed his regular breathing. Some few moments later he awoke with a start and, jumping from his bed, grinned a good morning at the shining ball on the eastern horizon. Dressing hurriedly he descended the stairs to the small, smelly kitchen where he went through the usual routine of burning himself some bacon, reheating some rather unreheatable-looking rolls and some left-over-from-the-night before coffee. Draining the last few drops from his cup, and munching a huge mouthful of roll and bacon, he took from the chair-back his paper-strap and ran down the outside steps to the shed where he kept his bike only to find his newest tire flat!

He must walk this morning. However nothing, not even a flat tire, could dampen Mickey's spirits this morning. This was the morning-after-the-night-before; and the most w-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l thing had happened the night before.

Mick Deloney was eleven years old, a little tall for his age, but not too much filled out. His lanky appendages concealed more cat-like agility then one would naturally suppose. A thick, towseled mass of lightest hair tumbled over his forehead and shaded his steel-gray eyes which could flash that gray-green we sometimes see in angry waters. The freckles, which were not the least of his worries, did not hide the firm boy chin. His shoes were more often kicked out at the toes than not, and his patched trousers did everything but fit. Nevertheless, he was the ringleader of the boys with whom he chummed, and many of them were well-combed and well clad. This set of boys, popularly known as "Mickey's Gang", had taken for their club house the top floor, or loft, of an old red barn in a vacant lot next to the fire-house overlooking Funstan Row, which took in the lumberyard and railroad tracks.

Mickey peddled papers to help feed his baby brother and sisters, and he felt the responsibility very keenly. It didn't matter whether it was raining or shining; Mickey was always there. Even on cold wintry mornings when the snow was deep, the paper might be wet around the edges,





but Mickey never failed to bring it.

He was usually in a hurry, down one driveway, and across the lawn to the next front door. But there was one house on his route which he approached slowly, and from which he walked reluctantly. It was a stucco bungalow on a side hill, and the sight of a pair of friendly brown eyes beering from beneath shaggy brows and a wagging stumpy tail was part of the reason why Mickey favored this house.

At home Mickey had no one to whom he could talk, no one who understood. His sisters teased and irritated him, his mother nagged him, and when he thought of his father his lips were drawn in a tight line, and his fists clinched. The deserter! He longed for companionship such as other children had--of course, he had the boys, but he couldn't tell "The Gang" "Things". If he only had a dog--one with friendly brown eyes and a wagging, stumpy tail. And if only--but he never did dare to even hope that Margaret would recognize him. She was Brownie's owner. He had always worshipped her from afar.

There broke out in the country an epidemic of robies. Of course, the usual laws were levied on all dogs. The dogsatchers chose the bottom floor of the old barn overlooking Funston Row for the place to keep dogs. Needlass to say, "The Gang" met rather infrequently during this time. But Mickey kept his eye on things, and one night as he was walking by to look the place over, he saw, standing on her tip-toes and peeking in the window of the barn, the owner of the shaggy-haired creature from the stucco house on the hill! Mickey's heart stood still! She turned just as he reached her and sobbed out, "They have put Brownie in there". She indicated with a shaking forefinger the barn.

Mickey looked in the dirty window. Sure enough, the brown-eyed Airdale was there. Mickey assured his little friend that he would get Brownie for her. And, with the help of "The Gang", he did. Margaret was so overjoyed that when Brownie refused to leave Mickey to return to the house on the hill, she announced, "Well, Brownie can stay, but I'm coming every day to see him."

It was too much for mickey. He could only smile weakly as he took Brownie home. It didn't matter after all if they did live in the stucco house on the hill.

That was the night before; and nothing mattered this morning, not even a flat tire. - Ruth B. White -





#### A WESTERNER II. THE MAST

To one born and bred west of the mi sidesippi river, the Postorn costons are bound to be of more or less interest, but the relation to them depends largely upon the individual. Age, temperament, and general outlook on life very the same. I shall spock from the point of view of a rather young ashool mirly to same from typical milemanters town to a girl's boarding achool in the Tost.

The trip was of such interest that it alone would have held up interest for make, but to have added to that the new markeds, properation for a prostern boarding ashoot, and the markingstion of my hopes, was recally the much excitement for me to contain all at once. It was a morder that worse things did not occur than those few incidents which I failed to contain.

In the middle west we had a stronger as one used our own level and that his are such until he proved his all amounthy. This I found was not thus of the Ensternors. They are faultless in their consideration and thoughtfulness, but there is a contain also income and account that a particular wealth aithor fail to and or stand, or by which he would affects.

I learned, such to my divery, that we shower those offer by their makes, never by asing in 'am' only 'sin', that we do not shall hands who hever we are introduced, that those offer and more son' isticated that we do not sale to have sheir infarious species not intimately or is illiarly to and them. It fast by the ond of the term I had heard so much and had time to apply so little comparatively, that I was fairly frightened to meet a comber of the frealty for farm she or he rould find some new offence that I is any any tennyly committeel.

The widdles at is a vast forcing listilet. There are a great many small century where forward bring their product and lo their trading, but because manufacturing is not carried on to any great extent the cities are for and for intuesa. Now ever, when in the cities of the widdle past-late I do not say the fer West which is infested with contern tourists, one will never see which a coling in public. I do not say that the Hast is any more importable the West. I only say that if women do show out there it is lone in the charter restaurants. Any hotel or restaurant that would keep its reputation for the best prohibits women showing.





The acenery of the East over- ed me at first. The hilld were so high, and entirely different from anything I had ever seen that I privated at them at first; then I be on to long for a distant view, but consymbers there were hills, hills, till I sometimes felt that I should decreas.

All this hight lead one to believe that I am listified in the Rest. Strangely this is not true. On my first trip home I shall never forget the feeling that bessed over me who. I awake and looked out of the window of the moving train to find that I shall see for hiller ithough a bill to restruct the view. But when I arrived at my footination, I amount private to find how it amoyed me to been the broad pronounciation and use of colloquislism. I believe the Iowans use more provincial English than any people I have known. At first it seemed that even their frankness was insincere. I had not yet accustomed myself to the Eastern modes of living, yet I was influenced by them enough to make. The load of place in my intic couls. For a shill I among the load is soone stail by life, but as in the load of the classification of individuals I cound that whether we see Bostom are not those of principles. While I am still a Westerner at beauty I find it better to be a bit is served than to rush in where one may be to be wanted. To show a sit as at both sides of the question allo to one in the least of the part of the castion allo to one in the least of the East of to be an Easterner in the Nest.

- Laten water with



### ALL THE MORLD SIEED TO SING

One consider, in the subjective of the case, I center that into the finite or my base. The same of the case, it is given in the shear the constitution of the case of the case of the case, for it is a single case, for it is a single finite of the case, for a single case, and case of the case, in the case, in the case of the case, in the case of the case, in the case, in the case of the case, in the case of the case, in the case, in the case of the case, in the case, in the case of the case, in the case of the case, in the case

All shout a direct corp thele restances and are the best from the production of the best from the resulting the world ring lith their trumming on designed for their breakfast. Buttenflies are flitting here and there even the form high had appung up from the earth where they had been imprisoned by the snow and frost. Even the fish were awake and were jumping for bugs and flies on the surface of the water. They splashed and made little ripples on the lake. Wild life of every kind was alive all around me. Every him a local, I say asture avanessing her the brightness to God her maker. Insentition pictured the reality of the resurrection.

Then all at once I heard some one sing: "All the corld seemed to sing of a Bevior and find", and I thought how true it was, other than I had ever realized before. Everything sang of the love of God. I narreled that any one could seny the existence of God when all metals are; so slearly of him.

While thinking thus to my of I heard one indy by to another: "I hate to one such fine weather because I know it means that bad weather is coming". She couldn't understand the joy of nature because the was always thinking about what might come in the future. She did not have the condenful, sarefree cases that "onsseth all uniorstanding".

Aprolatic street I beard a second of at-of-learned hagin to sweet because the dun had not dried the less fil the wrote and he split not only in the garden when the ol nto were set. How ungrateful man is! We who is superior to all animals and older of acens to appropriate his position had the file to be subjected.

But if we can to represent a fire law for as, if we are to see for in active and in the most according to several constants of life, as we have the lower of soit. We will be hard the lower of soit. The matter life that we have the lower of soit. The hard and one





conreciete God's love for us.

I left the besutiful tooms with a bunder on any heart for the twho commot dee that all the mould singulate for the and Ting.

- Kenneth E. Tomple -





#### THE SHAM BATTLE

For months we had been anticipating that thrilling sight, a battle precisely like the many battles on No Man's Land. Everything was to be there but lead and death, and those two could be supplied by a little use of the imagination.

On the tenth day of November two years ago, we motored from our home in Maine to Haverhill, Massachusetts, where, for three days, some of the struggles of the World War were to be reenacted.

On the morning of November eleven, all of the soldiers, marines and aviators paraded through the main streets of the city. The crowds pressed on all sides. The mounted police forced them back with their horses' steaming flanks. The soldiers wearing a grimmer, more serious look than usual, passed by with the steady tread that eats up the miles. The ugly-looking tanks, large and small, rumbled by. The speedy motorcycles, straddled by messengers, sputtered by. The marines with their jaunty uniforms and businesslike rifles marched by. The spirit of war and hostility filled the air. It was not the ordinary feeling of sportmanship nor was it the circus parade thrill. The atmosphere was charged with a warlike ardor.

In the afternoon the skilled horsemen from Fort Ethan Allen gave an exhibition drill. That sight will never be forgotten. The horses were all jet plack and the uniforms of the men were blue and their gloves spotless white. There were about two hundred horsemen. They performed a number of amazing feats without even a horse's mane, it seemed, out of place. Suddenly coming together into squad formation, they charged at full tilt with sabres drawn toward the crowd. On they came; the crowd shrank back with fear; suddenly without the least effort they came to a halt within a few feet of the people and a rung off the field amid deafening applause.

That evening large searchlights swept back and forth across the sky. Large bombing planes roared overhead seeking to dodge the piercing rays that penetrated the darkness. The anti-aircraft guns boomed, rifles cracked and, at frequent intervals, flares lighted the whole landscape like the noonday sun. Once in a while a great searchlight spotted one of the menacing planes and, as we watched the night marauder, we had to use very little imagination to believe that in that steel flier were Germans with deadly bombs. That night our sleep was haunted by the boom of cannon and the faces of Huns.





The foremoon of the following day was taken up by patriotic emercises and speeches. In the afternoon the cry was, "over the Jop"! The people flocked to a huge field which was surrounded by the crowds on one side, the merrimac River on another, and a rocky hill on the third side. There was to be a charge over the top and across No man's Lond. Scattered over the side of the hill behind rocks and in trenches were a large number of men and machine juns. Hear the river, hidden behind trees, among the grass and in other trenches was the opposing side with its rapidfire guns hidden behind trees.

The terrible rost of big gans was the opening of the pattle. For about tenginates the rost was deafening; then it gradually quieted down and the sputtering of machine gans and the cracking of rifles were heard. Then khaki-clad figures on the hill leaped to their feet, deshed sheed a fee point and flung themselves down again. Fradually the long line of skirmish worked down till it reached the road. Five almates of fierce fighting followed. Then are daring soldier dashed across the open road and fell into the field. Soon, by twosend threes, like a long wave curling along the beach, the whole line was scross the road. Suddenly a new sound was heard and, looking up, we saw three hugh steel tanks coming over the arow of the hill. Susshing everything in their cay they came down the hill, through a fence, over the road and past the skirmish line. Ever towards the enemy they went with their gans booming. They ripped up the barbed-wire entanglements, everyon several machine-gan heats and arouse through the enemies line. Slose aching the enemy. Finally with any desperts, concentrated dash they were ever the barb and anto the foe and after deters to hand to hand Tighting, they seized the machine gans, turned them on their owners and completely routed every imaginary Man.

Following this bettle same another little skirmish end a football game. Football was too tame after flighting. Suffering and death excluded, wer is a sonderful game.

- John E. Mile, -





#### THINKINGS

#### BOOKS

Books are mon's hearts, minds and imaginations bound up in black figures on white paper. By reading books we can live other men's lives, feel their feelings and think their thoughts. Enter a vest library and look about. There are large books and small books, good and bad, empercive and cheap books, commonplace and rare, sorious an' frivolous books, religious and irreligious, true and false books. These are the lives of men. Our lives are books.

- J.E.R.-

#### A HEW DAY

The veil of darkmess is gradually thrown saids. Black shadows of the night begin to lose their usiral spall. The soverings of gloom seem to fall from earth's shoulders. Like a rising surtain, the mist of jet moves allently away. A new lay knocks or only for edmittance. The key turns and lo, what appears? A trust of valuable hours is given each one in the universe for his very own. A day of opportunity, of blessing, and of joy may be holding an outstretched hand to the one who is prepared. On the other hand, a day of regret and of suffering may extend a sail to the one who haddle sly vastes moments. An opportunity does not wait long at a door. It must travel on to find a welcome in some heart that is true. This new day grants one sightness for all things now.

- A. J. F. -

#### A LIPTLE SMILE

I have slungs been glad that children liked me. The other day I cought a baby's wandering glance as he was amploring his little world. Maybe it was imagination, but I thought I detected a gleam of interest as his eyes found my free. Ac caddled his chin down in his little, fat mack and looked at the unblinkingly for a moment. And tild a corner of his funny, little, button-hole mouth quirked up. I felt bramined, judged, and approved. That little smile made me happier a whole day.





#### DUSK

When duck somes the birds fly to their mests, the butterflies pose among the flowers, the puppies run to their box with stumbling steps, the children nestle in their mother's arms, and all the world rests, for it is weary.

- M.M.S.-

#### A MAIL

It was only a neil, but he much it effected one hundred and lifty your people at their Saturday noon meal at they took each bite with case in search of the missing article! One neil had lost itself in the frothy mass of potatoes when it fold from the mather where it held the handle on. The hall is a useful article and voly necessary, but how much discomfort any be coused when it is out of place. Solomon says, "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven". If we find our proper place and stay there we will keep out of the potatoes.

- R.I.E.-

#### PILLO.S

Pillors are necessary to life, my life anyway. "New I was a shild, I spent some part of my summ re with my grandmother who lived on the very tip onl of long Island. We traveled just about all day to get there and so about the first thing mother did after supper as to not us to bed. If we had any reasons for not wentling to go, they disappeared with the first plimps of the bed. Thy? "Well, because Grandma's pillors were big and smooth and cool and white - and we ware tired. "Hy girl friend throws her pillor disgustably onto the nearest chair and uses her allow instead. I can't speak for her, but I know that my allow instead, with feathers, nor is it big and smooth and sool and white.

- 2.3.7.-

#### PILLS

The tall, wind-weahol pine is a besatiful true. Its long, primelike branches offer rost to all, rest from the stilled, crowdad alty, rest from the dusty, heavy air of the town. It offers freedom. Its odor is a blam to every weary heart. In the line's top branches I hear the rustle of the waving needles and I fast the brackes of pare, woody sin. From the pine I see the far-reaching carnet of soft, green forests. In the distant valley is a winding, silver river with its sometimes rocky, sometimes money banks. I love the pines. A live in the tall pines of Mains is the life for Me. — J.E.M. —





#### STUDY PUSES

The verious coope of students studying are interesting. By the way so, a well into the room you can tell how they are quing to work. Some sit laws andly and loss back or sattle themselves comfortably in a set of very jet here they are absenced that you are all that you are A. and see they have planty of time and larsons that are not difficult. Others at an the object the passific of their chairs and of their lows into the usble, with a passing from on their faces. Their whele attitude is one of determination. One tightly clutches his heir with one tune, while such the other be written furiously, an though the into help his themselves a tend about the . They sit related and yield a simple after or read them. They sit related and yield a simple after or read. There for take the standard and the standard contains the standard of the standard contains the standard of the standard contains the standard contains a standard contains the standard contains a standard contains the standard contains the standard contains a standard contains the standard contains a standard contains the standard

A fir studenth on a bresenshingly at the colling of at the floor of the charge to be impointed a from the first floor. I, we said the charge of the charge of the chardenier, the pisture, the rain on reflection in the crystel chandelier, and the statuary; I have even examined the andironathet lean for lighty springs are other in the rail fire place. But statents in the post must have an order stea them all, for I never could thought the for any help.

- D. .... T. -

#### WHISP PRINCE

Londay Lording I was all flusterated because, in the siteration, I was paint to work for a larger of the will be hard to sait. Lorden you will brook the disks, and I'll youth you can have wash the clothes to satisfy her. This tady will have a simp mose, sterm countererge, and hear eyes. She will see every space of dust on the farmiture". I are so head up that I had a headache as I waken toward the house. I range the boll and weitel.

- C.3.-





#### HURTHG. APTO

Because he is order and knows it, because he is willing to learn and shows it, because he is bound to sucseed and does it, a Treshman is subscript to a Boohomore.

Buth Bevier White

In our hearts we are write; in our class we are green; with our money we are red. Dlore's Eming Rendrey

The fresh new dorw won many freshmen for T. M. C.
Alelside Elimbeth Placer

Specifing of cold-rator boths, we give than free, without request, on Hallowe'en.

Menanti Els orth Re ble

wany are seying that Prohibition is a big joke. It is a joke on those who senant get "it".

Alter Cilford Parkins

Satapillarism is a terrible disease. It gives one the organic.

Charles Edward Deware

Thy was not I born good-looking instead of right! - the universal any of T. M. S. students after receiving their first missive from Purdy's.

Dordss wine Table.

By order of the edministration, we want have no cubic foring study hours. That probably endmints for some of the atrange noises we hear during the an hours. John Pred Harrabes





There is one thing that warring Religionists agree upon; that is, that we should have harmony.

Alton Gilford Perkins

How we appreciated the dessation of hostilities November 11, 1918: At least so long as we thought there was a possibility of dessation of classes November 11, 1926: Dorcas Mine Tarr

These new chairs are a great improvement on Window-ledges.

John Eckel Riley

Every one loves a race whether horses, men, ostriches, or money.

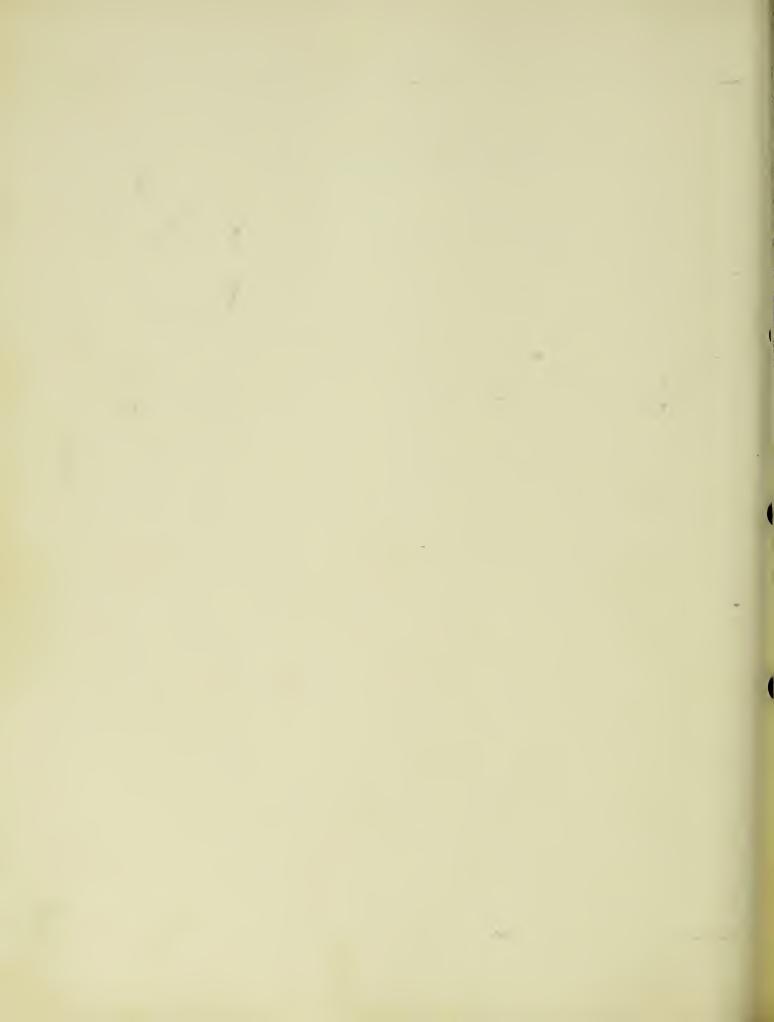
Ruth Isabel Ede

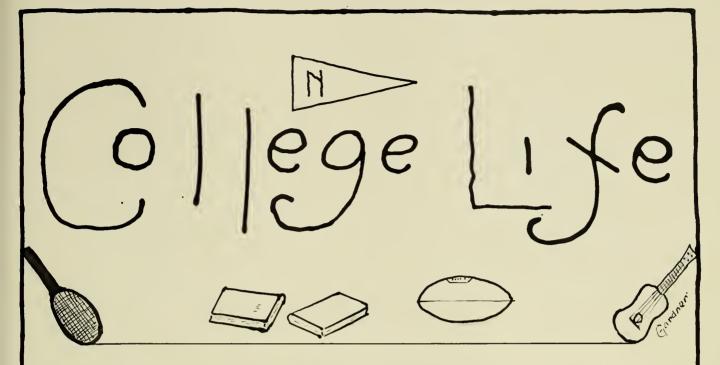
The Irish are the most industrious people in the world. On the back of every invention is marked "Pat".

Charles Edward Deware

Lost, strayed, or stolen, - Mr. McAllen's breath while rising to make an announcement.

Dorcan Mine Tarr





Mental Impossibility?

V. Dickey: Let's think hard!

Perkins: Why not do something you can do too?

The Way He Took It. K. Temple: What are you thinking about? L. Michelson: Thanks for the compliment.

As Rad as That?

Erickson: His ears remind me of a pair of front fenders.

V. Hoover: They are rather large, aren't they?

Erickson: And they're on the two sides of a vacuum tank!

No Longer a Secret!

C. French: I don't believe one should wear a wedding ring.

Miss Stahl: Wearing a wedding ring is a sacred privilege,
and I'll wear one if I wish to do so.

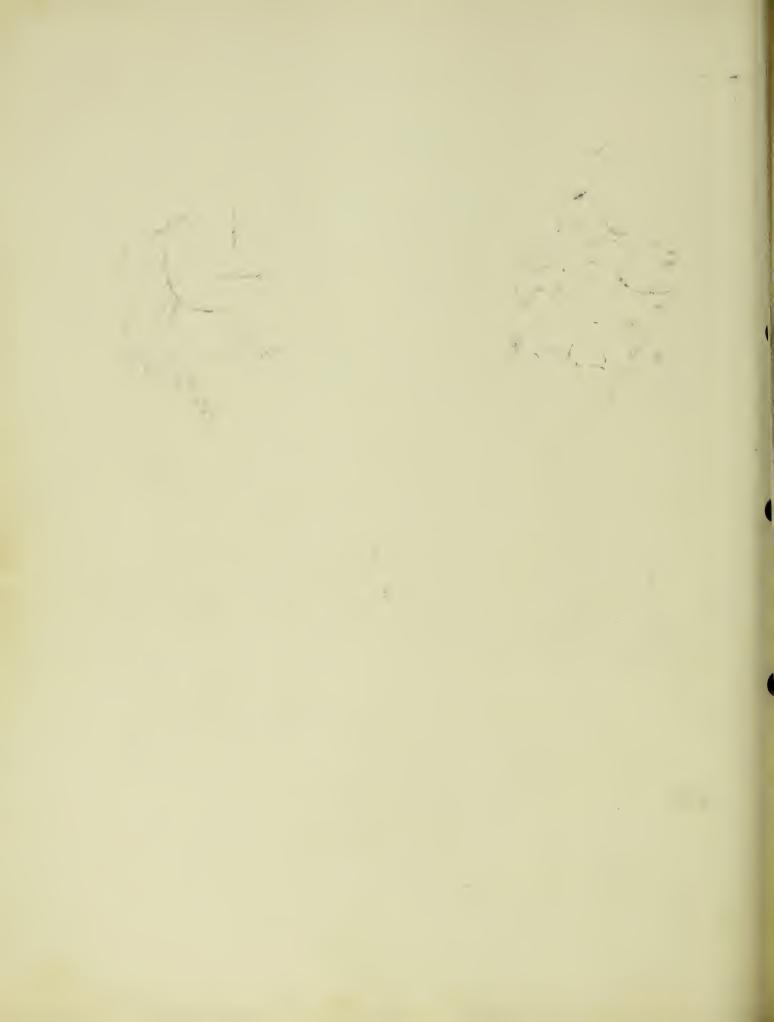
Unintentional.

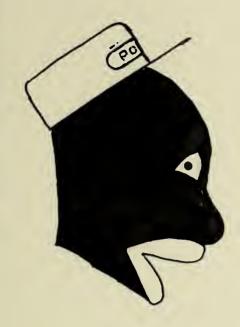
Prof: Angell in History Class: Is Miss Wilson ill?

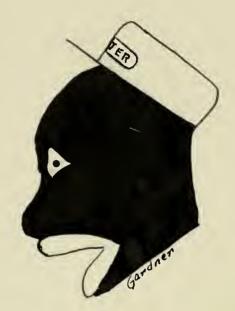
J. Wagner: She was at breadfast this morning.

Don't miss Understand!

Have you ever seen a curtain roll, a corner stand, a tree bark, a hat box, a lip stick, a neck tie, a graveyard vault, money talk, a board fence, a vine climb, or a lesson hard?







PlasTus: Sah yo'all got ah large mouth. SasTus: Fool Nigger, That sho' gint No Keyhole in your face.

Introducing Rastus and his Twin, Sastus. Their own mother found it hardtatell Themapart. They belong To The Pollman Pontens Union and will appear on This page in every issue. They are The Twenty-second cousins of The Gold Dust Twins.

Confused States.

H. Sloan: Where are you from?

J. Riley: Providence. Sloan: Oh! Are you? Riley: No, R.I.

Fluency.

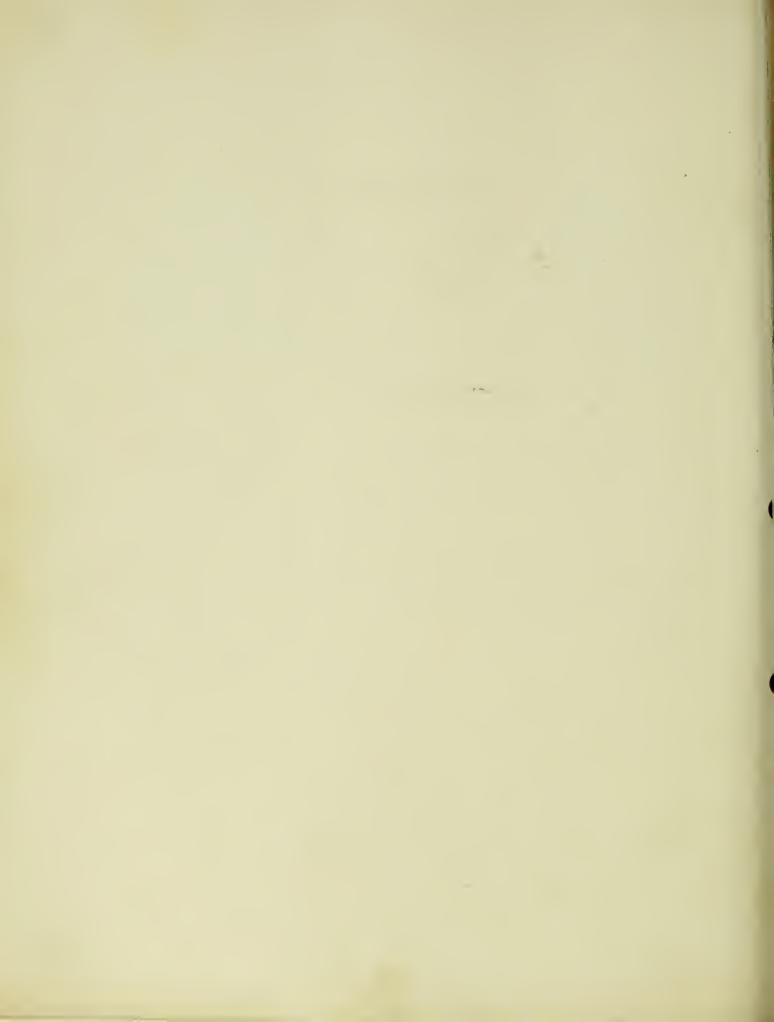
Where is "our" ink? H.:

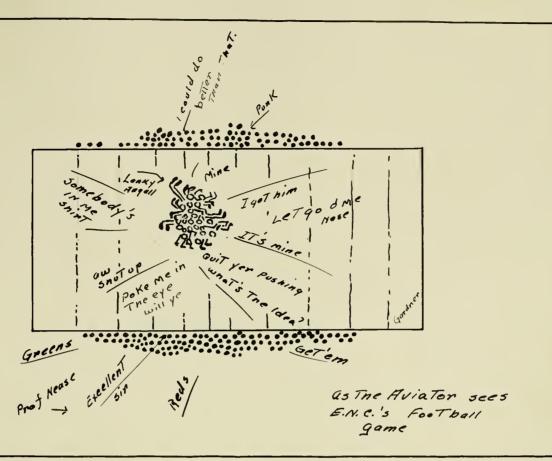
Mayo: What do you mean by "our" ink?

H.: Well, it isn't "minute" ink, is it?

Mayo: No, it's "weak" ink!

Miss Spangenberg: What is the matter with the following sentence: Two thousand years stretches from Homer to





Shakespeare? Mr. Hibbert: It is rather lengthy.

Every one in plane geometry was watching a squirrel outside the window. After trying several times to gain the attention of the class, Prof. Gardner remarked: Well, I guess the squirrel has all the nuts this time.

We Hope He Doesn't Swallow It.

Prof. Esselstyn (in European History class) What is the name of that council? I had it on the tip of my tongue.

Mr. Carman: The Diet of Worms.

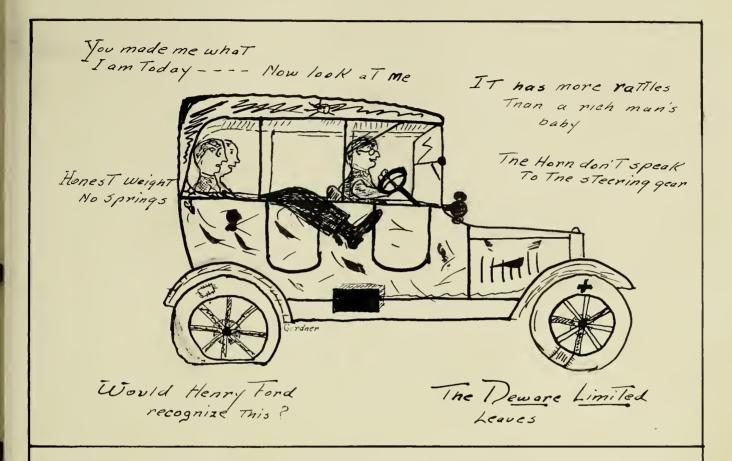
Wafted from the dining hall.
'Tis each man to his liking,
But oh! The place for me
Is a mashed potato mountain
Beside a gravy sea!

Station I.C.U.

wary: I wonder how Mrs. Gould can hear us laughing up here on the third floor, when she is asleep?

Betty: She must sleep with her earphones on:





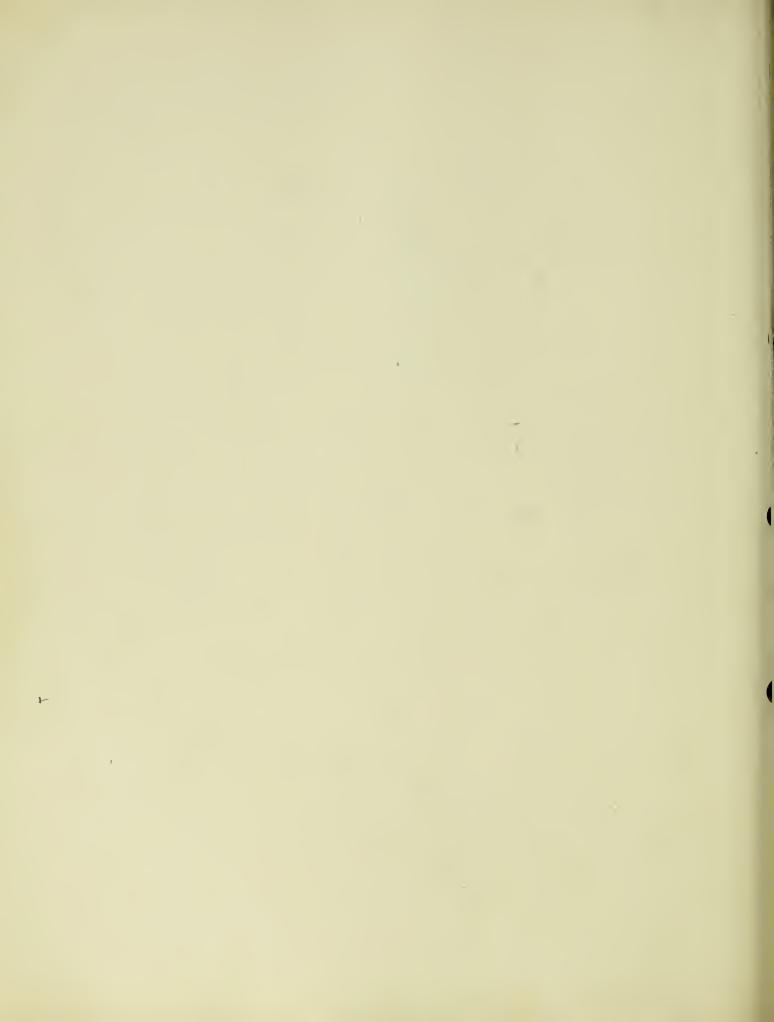
Odourless Onions.
Oh that some Burbank of the West Would Patent, make, and sell,
An onion with an onion taste
And with a violet smell.

Girls talking; "All the good men are married". Martha Tracy: "Oh, no, they're not!"

When Beulah Long couldn't get in the phone booth, she said, "Well, there's no use talking".

The Whole Truth.
To have ones sweetheart far away
It makes existing dark and drear
But worse it is, alackaday,
To have her distant when she's near.

Prof. Gardner in proyer meeting: Our time is about up. C. French: Amen!



# E. N. C.

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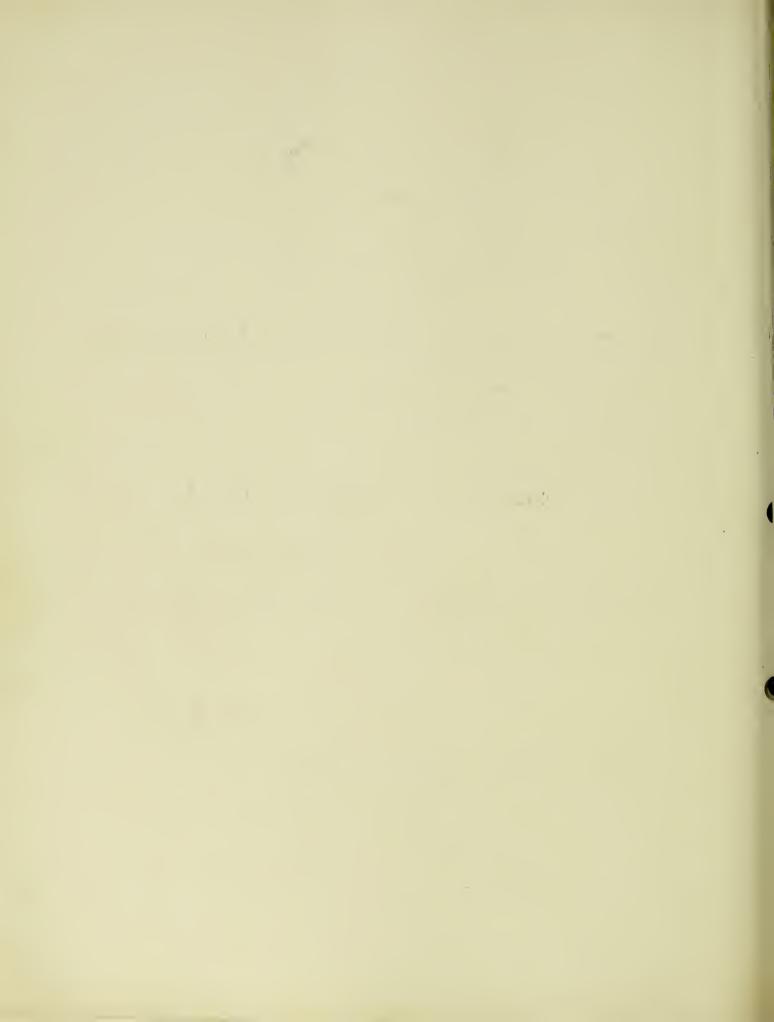
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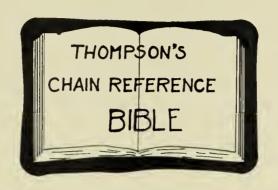
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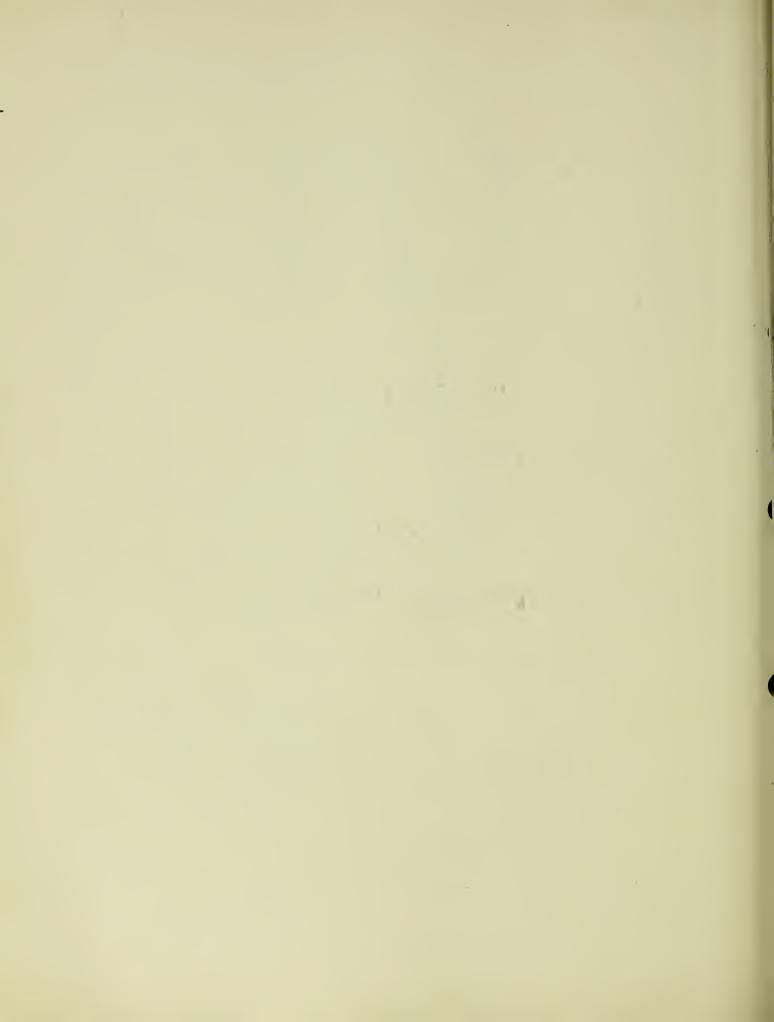
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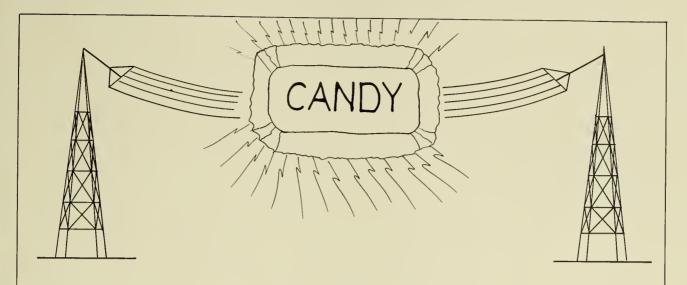
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# HAVE YOU A SWEET TOOTH OR AN EMPTY STOMACH?

VISIT

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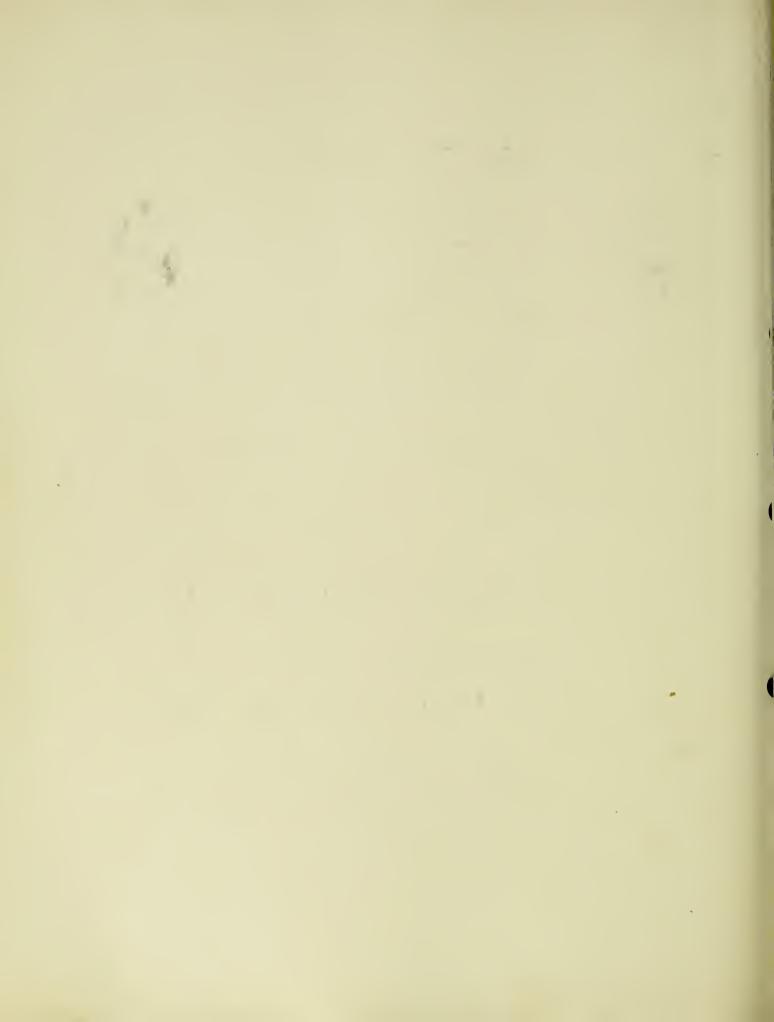
O HENRY'S - TOOTSIE ROLLS - PEANUT BARS

CRACKERS - CHEWING GUM

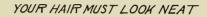
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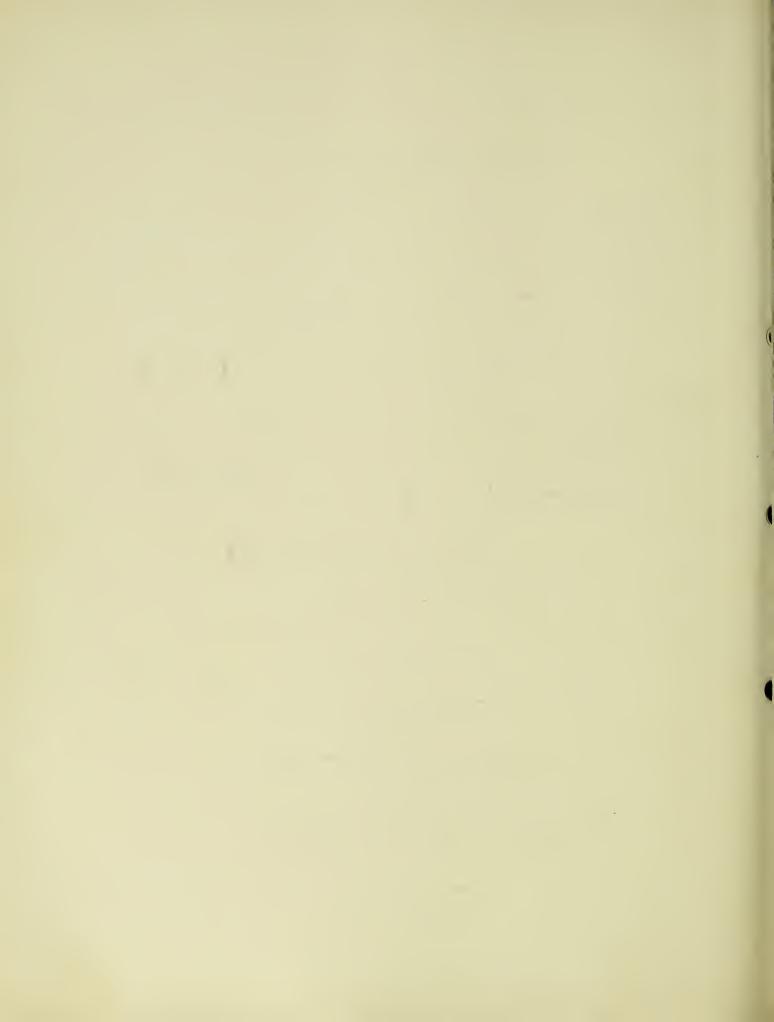
CHRISTMAS CARDS

STAMPED CARDS

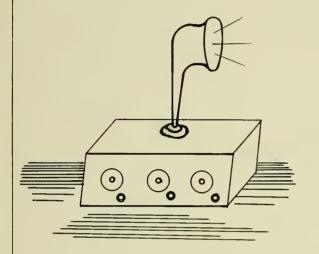
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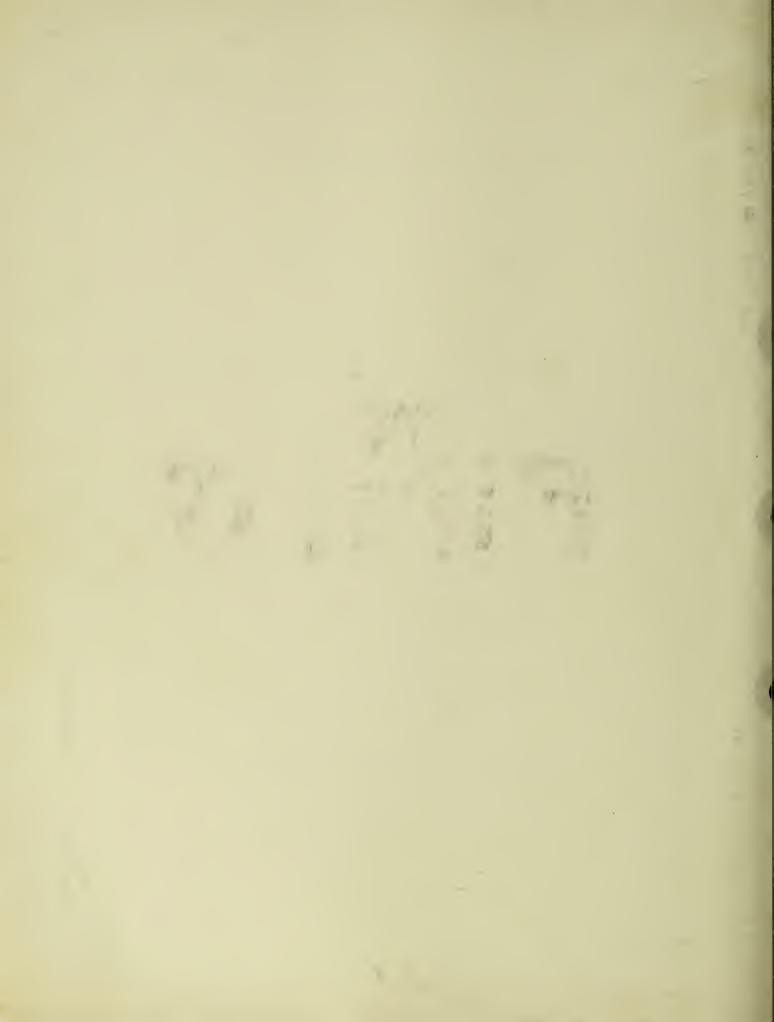
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# 





